UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The New Religion

By FRANK C. DOAN

Religion as a Social Factor

By ERNEST A. NORRIS

Why I Left the Teaching Profession

By HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER

The Problems of the Orient

By FREDERICK STARR

VOLUME LXXXIX NUMBER 5

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIX. THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1922 NUMBER 5

EVEN AS THOU.

By the same power that mastered thee
I would, O Master, mastered be:
Love's power—no other prayer is mine
Save for this gift—love's power divine.

To love the world—each soul, each clod—
So, only so, would I love God.
Even as thou would I be found
Unto the least of mortals bound.

I would possess the inner light
With which to read all hearts aright;
Love's power to see, made pure and whole,
God's beauty shining in each soul.

Even as thou would I discern
Nothing in human life to spurn;
Even as thou compassionate
To those who give me scorn and hate.

In oneness of all souls would I
My every thought of self put by:
And unto nothing would attain
That does not mean the whole world's gain.

Make clear my vision, cleanse my mind,
For I am yet confused and blind.
By the same power that mastered thee
I would, O Master, mastered be.

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

Our friends are constantly writing us that UNITY is the best religious journal in America. *We cannot disagree!* A reader tells us that UNITY ought to have a million subscribers. *We say, Amen!* These things are true, of course. We would like to see the man who would deny them. But it is our friends themselves who must make these obvious facts bear fruit. We have no money for hiring a subscription manager and pushing circulation; no time for anything but our regular editorial duties. If UNITY is to grow as it should grow, then every reader must appoint himself a subscription manager, and see to it that the paper is circulated properly in his neighborhood. *Is it too much to ask that every subscriber get one more subscriber in the next month?*

"Consider the man," says the New York *Nation*, referring to the arrest of Gandhi. "In the space of a few years he has done more for his people than any government in centuries. He has been the bearer of new hope and human dignity to the Untouchables; he has been the weaver of bonds of unity between the Moslems and Hindus whom the British would keep asunder; he has fought the liquor traffic which was debasing his people, and the infamous opium monopoly by which, for its own profit, the British Government menaces not only India but all mankind. He has given to revolution non-violent instruments which promise the release of humanity from the seeming necessity of wars for freedom. He has sincerely preached love for the enemy."

The *New Republic* endorses this judgment, declaring that Gandhi is "the purest soul among the men of this generation, or of this millennium." Consider such a man! And then consider the momentous fact that a government of English *liberals*—Lloyd George, Mr. Montagu, Lord Reading—has followed a policy toward this man which has led at last to his arrest and imprisonment! Why has he not been called into conference? Why has he not been recognized by the Empire for what he is, the beneficent leader of his people, and given a free hand in working out his vast reforms? If government exists for the good of the people why should it not co-operate in such a case as this of India with such a man as the Mahatma? But governments, least of all imperialistic governments, do *not* exist for the good of the people. They exist for the profit and power of the ruling class. As little today in India, as yesterday in Palestine, is it possible for a government to co-operate with, or even tolerate, a man who is single-heartedly devoted to the higher interests of humankind. Gandhi, like Jesus before him, is a dangerous man—*to Pilate!* Therefore must he be led to Calvary.

Some weeks ago we quoted in these columns a statement by Commander Castex, of the French navy, approving the German method of submarine warfare. We now learn from a recent issue of *The Freeman* (March 22), that this statement of the French officer, as quoted by Lord Lee of Fareham at the Washington Conference, has recently been a topic of discussion in England, and has called forth some elucidating remarks from no less a person than Arthur Balfour. In the course of his explanation, Mr. Balfour makes one remark which we print herewith in italics, that it may escape the eye and attention of no one of our readers. The distinguished Englishman is discussing the question of submarine-warfare properly and improperly conducted. "The question then arises," he says, "What, in Castex's opinion, is submarine warfare properly conducted? *It certainly permits destruction without warning and without examination of merchant vessels, the sinking of liners with their crews, their passengers and cargo.* It was these very operations," continues the unperturbable Englishman, *"originally devised, as he proudly claims, by French ingenuity,* which came under review

at the Washington Conference."—Interesting, to say the least! Submarine warfare is not a German but a French invention. It is properly conducted, according to the best French naval opinion, when merchant ships are sunk "without warning . . . and with their crews, their passengers and cargo." It is pretty late in the day thus to learn that German methods of warfare were devised by, and had the approval of, France—but not too late! France is with us today; the next war will be with us tomorrow. There cannot be too much of truth, if in the future we would escape the damnable deceptions of the past.

In his "The Life of Francis Place," Mr. Graham Wallas narrates how, in 1830, there was prospect in England of a war against Belgium. In this crisis, Mr. Thomas Altwood, whom Francis Place describes as "the man whom (he considers) the most influential man in England" at that time, wrote a letter in which he proposed "an association to collect the names of persons in London who will pledge themselves to pay no more taxes if ministerial interference should produce the probability of a war with Belgium" (page 251). Commenting upon this, Francis Place declares that it would be justifiable and effective.

> "If any considerable portion of the housekeepers were to refuse paying taxes," he writes, ". . . a revolution would be effected in a week, in spite of the Government and the army. . . . That it will happen before many years have passed away seems to me a reasonable expectation" (pages 251-252).

This bit of history presents interesting confirmation of our belief, often stated in these columns, that passive resistance in terms of "non-co-operation," as Gandhi calls it in India, is the one most direct method of securing social change. If people organized today for the refusal of taxes to a government squandering $800,000,000 per annum on a navy, and in solemn pledge to continue such refusal in case of war, the whole problem of arms would speedily be solved. That Place's prophecy of revolution was disappointed, and that our idea today has little or no chance of being adopted, is due to nothing but the loss of the fine old English tradition of "grievance before supply."

The pricking of the bubble of "Golden-Rule" Nash, of Cincinnati, was a long time in coming, but it has come at last. This is to us neither a disappointment nor a surprise, for, in spite of all the "blurbs" that have accompanied the progress of this clothing manufacturer in recent months, we have never believed that his tale was true. This is not to say that Mr. Nash is a deliberate prevaricator, or is not himself entirely honest in his assertion that he is running his business on the basis of the Golden Rule. It is simply to register our conviction that there is nothing in what Mr. Nash has ever said or done which was not on the face of it pure sentimentalism, and that the vexed problem of capital and labor is not to be solved by any emotionalism of this kind however genuine. The solution of the industrial question of our time waits upon social statesmanship, or rather social engineering, of the highest type. What is needed is not fervent ejaculations of the Golden Rule, but a program for the application of this Golden Rule to the intricate complexities of the relationship between employer and employee. Never at any time have we seen a vestige of evidence that Mr. Nash understood the problem in this way. Now comes the confirmation of our opinion in an article by a social expert, based on personal investigation, published in the *Survey* for March 18th. Here are disclosed the familiar conditions of a dirty factory, underpaid labor, tyrannical foreman, and "a shop in which no system of democracy prevails." "It is the old story of religious emotionalism," says Miss Shaw. Not by such methods is any progress going to be made. Thought and not sentiment, science and not evangelism, organization inside the factory and not fine speeches outside, is what we need. UNITY waits eagerly to welcome achievement in the industrial field, but it has no space to waste on pietistic pretensions of the Nash variety.

"Let George do it" is the refuge of too many Americans. "Passing the Buck" has become the national pastime. The habit of expecting someone else to begin the game is restricted to no one class. "Why don't they" is the beginning of almost every criticism of the city, state or national governments. It is mighty easy to put the blame on everyone besides ourselves. So long as the great majority of us are engaged in the fascinating business of dodging responsibility, how can we expect to have things any better than they are? In a small city of less than one hundred and sixty thousand people, one hundred and sixty-five men and women were asked to stand for membership on the school board before the requisite number of seven could be obtained. It is stated that twenty thousand people run New York. In smaller cities it is only a mere handful of people that can be obtained to take any active interest in public affairs. The others are willing to let the few do the work and take the kicks. It is high time to recognize that individual responsibility is important. Altogether too much of the time of people who are trying to do things for the public, is taken up in endeavoring to arouse to action lazy, indifferent, apathetic folks. This is what makes the pull up the road to the Future so terribly hard.

A hidden layer of wonder-land was uncovered in our soul when there came the report of the plesiosaurus said to have been seen by a hunter in Patagonia. This was for days the only item of news that existed for us; and we still search the papers daily to see if the investigating expedition from Buenos Ayres has seen the monster. Nothing in all the world could excite us so much, we think, as the announcement that this

antediluvian creature is actually splashing around in the lakes of this remote region of South America. Other things might touch us more deeply, but for sheer thrill and fevered interest, this would be supreme. Think of having the early days of the planet thus brought back to us in the flesh! Imagine looking upon an animal, whose line of descent takes us back to days that antedate the life of man! Conceive of demonstrating, by an actual living specimen, the evolutionary speculations of the great naturalists of our age! The discovery of Uranus, the conquest of the North Pole, the invention of wireless telegraphy, the building of the aeroplane, the formulation of the law of relativity, all these seem insignificant to us as compared with this possibility of finding a plesiosaurus. It is perhaps too good to be true; but we shall cling as long as facts will let us, to the statement of Henry Fairfield Osborne, that it is by no means impossible. All of which means, not that we are a naturalist, but that we have in us that streak of human nature—the love of wonder!—to which the late Mr. Barnum appealed so successfully. Incidentally, if this plesiosaurus is found, Noah will at last have an answer to Barnum's withering rebuke, as spoken in Bangs's "House-Boat on the Styx," for not saving some specimens of these primordial monsters in his Ark!

We are surprised that there has not been some discussion in the newspapers of the bill recently introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature, making church attendance compulsory! It seems to be the general opinion in the Bay State that this proposal is a joke, intended perhaps as a satire on prohibition or the proposed Sabbath observance laws. But we cannot regard it so! Why is it not likely that its sponsor is entirely serious in his suggestion that people shall be forced to go to church? Every other method of getting men and women to attend services on Sunday has been tried in vain. Sensational sermons, elaborate and expensive musical programs, vaudeville shows, moving-picture exhibitions, revivals—all have been offered as bait to the public, but the pews in the sanctuary remain as empty as ever. Here and there is a great preacher, like Rabbi Wise, who draws a vast audience—here and there is a church, like St. Bartholemew's in New York, which gathers crowds to hear its famous organist and choir. But these exceptions only prove the rule. The great mass of the public cannot be enticed into the ordinary church under any circumstances. What wonder that some logical soul should make seriously the proposal that the one last method now remaining, be put into effect—that people be compelled to go to church by law! Personally we should like to see this bill, thus introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature, enacted. We think it would demonstrate that most men and women had rather sit in a cell in jail than in a pew in church, and thus perhaps stir our churches to long-delayed recognition of the fact that they have got to be remade from the foundations up, if they are to survive at all.

The New Religion

Again all creation is in travail—again, as in the days of the Nazarene revolt against Rome and her ways, the days of the great Protestant Reformation, the French Revolution, and such past revivals of the human spirit on this earth. Old ideas are passing away, abandoned and discredited as so much impedimenta by the advancing spirit of the age. Old institutions, the worst of them are falling in ruins, the best are being reconstructed on more stable and more modern lines. A new civilization is getting born in the hearts and institutions of men. One reads about it in all the really informed books of the day. One hears it on the lips of every man in the street. One feels it in that great movement of the spirit of the day we call democracy. The age of autocracy, religious, political, industrial, is up. The age of Liberty dawns. Old philosophies and venerable religions are all being rewritten these days in the light of the New Humanism —to use a phrase to cover all the aspects of this spirit of the new age. The New Humanism is breaking everywhere in the minds and everywhere warming the hearts of thinking, feeling men the world over.

A new civilization, and with it a new religion. For in this, as in every foregoing world-transforming movement of the spirit of man, what we call religion reflects the light of the new day, and let us hope, will lead the way this day by throwing that light ahead upon the path before us.

What this new religion is to be, exactly how it will command the spirits of men and whither lead the human race, no man is wise enough to say. But there are certain marks, already evident, by which every man may distinguish the old from the new religion. Thus:

1. The new religion is *practical.* In the profound modern sense pragmatic. It begins with experience, with what living men mean by religion, and what they find it works to believe about this mysterious thing we call human life and human civilization. Not what priests or synods or pedants say life *should* mean but what life *does* mean, practically and eternally—this will be the starting-point of the new religion. And with such a start it shall go far in building human character and human institutions on lines that shall be eternally practical. It will talk to plain men about plain facts; about this life, not about any next life

except in so far as that next may be conceived as a projection and carrying out of this life. It will be concerned, as I heard a plain man say plainly the other day, not so much to keep men out of hell hereafter as to keep hell out of men here; not so much to put men in some heaven to come as to put some heaven into men now!

2. It is *social.* The new religion sees that sin is social and righteousness contagious; and how no man can be happy—not here on this earth anyway, and not if he be any kind of a man; nor prosperous; nor "saved"; not so long as any other man on the face of this earth is unhappy or oppressed or "lost."

3. It is *human.* Even its God is human in the broadest, deepest, infinite sense of that term. Nothing of the offish, austere, august potentate about him. Humanity is through with all such. No longer "Thus saith the Lord"—that ancient pronouncement of priest-potentates with which religion in the past too often frightened the souls of men into obedience and crushed all initiative out of the spirit of men. Not fear of God but love of man is the in-dwelling spirit of the new age and its religion. Its God is very near, very close, very human. Nearer than hands and feet, closer than breathing, as the Psalmist used to put it in his moments of finer insight and tenderer understanding. God for all practical intents and for all human purposes is the spirit of the age, as of all past ages; in this age the spirit of democracy, of liberty, of truth, of good will;—a "still small voice" when it speaks within the breast of man, a voice of thunder when it speaks from the Sinais of history.

4. And it is *mystical.* It surely is, though here, we anticipate, the writer is parting company with some of our UNITY readers! This new age is surely feeling within it, and every man who has not outlived his age is feeling within him these days, the presence, the pull, the urge, of a strength and a wisdom larger than the strength of his own hands and deeper than the sense of his own thoughts. Whether we call it God, or Subconscious Soul, or our own Higher Self, or the Soul of Humanity, or the Spirit of the Age, or the *Elan Vital,* all of them phrases made familiar in the literature of the New Humanism—whether or what we call it matters little. The thing is, it is here! this Spirit of the Age—stronger than any earth-born will that would resist its will and wiser than any earth-born thoughts that would put to confusion its idea for humanity. And what matters is that we and our twentieth century institutions shall speedily learn this wisdom and eagerly rely upon this strength.

We keep calling this religion new. Of course it isn't. Indeed in its several elements it is very ancient. The religion of ancient Greece was practical; of ancient Judaism, social; of ancient Egypt, human; of ancient India, mystical. What is new about this twentieth century religion is its amazing, its unheard-of, unprecedented blending of all these ancient insights into a single vision of a coming civilization, a civilization which is to be; and which is to be practical *and* social, human *and* mystical.

Where shall this new religion get born? what shall be its land of nativity? Where, if not here in America? For it is the Religion of Democracy. In one word that is what it is! And we have heard, have we not, that it is the peculiar genius of the American people to experiment, and understand and foster and defend the cause of democracy for all the peoples of the earth?

FRANK C. DOAN.

Non-Resistants in the War

The Great War has been written up from practically every point of view—but the story of the non-resistants, or "conscientious objectors" as they were called, still remains to be told. We know of men who have gathered material on this important and thrilling topic, and we have heard it said that actual writing was under way. But nothing has yet appeared. In the absence of anything complete and final, we have to be satisfied with such special treatises as Mrs. Henry Hobhouse's appealing pamphlet, published during the war, with an introduction by Professor Gilbert Murray (to his everlasting credit, be it said!), called "I Appeal Unto Cæsar," and Major Walter Guest Kellogg's very fair little book, entitled "The Conscientious Objector"; and of course the invaluable pamphlets, bulletins and reports of the Civil Liberties Bureau.

An important addition to this collection of material on the subject, has just come to hand in the form of a volume published by the Mennonite Publishing House, Scottdale, Pa., written by J. T. Hartzler, assisted by a committee appointed by the Mennonite General Conference, and called "Mennonites in the World War, or Non-Resistance Under Test." This book is presented by the author as "a careful write-up of events" incident to the experience of the Mennonite community in this country during a conflict in which as non-resistants they could have no part, "a clear statement of the issues involved, and a record of what our non-resistant people did to meet the problems arising from the war." Albert J. Steiner, who writes an introduction to the narrative, points out that "in principle the book brings no new story; it merely reiterates the teachings of Christ and his followers down to the present generation." He emphasizes, with justice, that, in the light of the experiences of the Mennonite brethren, the age of martyrdom is not yet over; and

commends "the experiences recorded in this book" as marvellous testimony of "what can be accomplished by careful, prayerful, united effort." He also refers, most significantly to the "spiritual awakening" among the Mennonites which was the fruitage of these years of patient and heroic endurance under persecution. We have heard a good deal about the spiritual awakening which was to follow after the war, but this is one of the few instances of it which we have encountered; and we find it not surprising that it sprang from the experience of those who refused under any circumstances to fight. The Quakers confirm the judgment here set down that "God's blessings" come only to those "who in bold defense of the faith shared to bring a seemingly lost vision of the Prince of Peace anew to a dying world."

The value of this book lies primarily in its first-hand witness to what happened in the Mennonite community and to the individual brethren, when the vast flood of the European conflict at last engulfed America. As a bit of history, the volume is priceless. Here is an account of the meetings held by the Mennonite General Conference, and the resolutions passed on critical occasions, nobly affirming the church's support of the great Christian principles of "resist not evil" and "love your enemies." Of these, the most important are the statement of "the position which the Mennonite Church holds with reference to carnal warfare" (page 56) and the statement adopted on August 29, 1917, describing the Mennonite position on military service (page 61). Here also are letters addressed to President Wilson and officers of government and report of important conferences with the War Department, various military officers, etc. Chapter IX (page 113) contains the transcript of a court-martial procedure at Camp Taylor, Kentucky. Most valuable, however, are the personal letters from individual conscientious objectors in camp and prison, and older sufferers at home, in chapters X and XI; we could wish that even more of these documents had been printed. Mention should also be made of the long account in Chapter XIV of the relief work done by the Mennonites, a work second only to that achieved by the English and American Friends.

Inasmuch as the United States is a nation dedicated to religious freedom, and inasmuch as the war legislation of the country expressly exempted from its provisions all those whose religious tenets bound them to opposition to war, it may well be wondered why there should have been any trouble on this score during the war, and thus any story to tell at all. Why were not the Quakers, the Mennonites and the rest, all passed over at once in the business of war organization, and thus contact between the government and non-resistants avoided?

A survey of this narrative of the Mennonite experience shows that two factors were involved here. In the first place, the government summoned all citizens, non-resistants included, to the draft, and forced them to register and to go to camp. This resulted in the presence in every great encampment in the country of a larger or smaller group of men who claimed that by provision of law they were exempt from service, and who took the position that, whether this exemption was recognized or not, they would not be inducted into the army. In the case of so-called political objectors—Socialists, I. W. W.s and others who objected to participation in war on political or social grounds—there might well have been question as to their right to be excused or given non-combatant service; but in the case of the religious objectors—these Mennonites, for example—there should have been no question of any kind. The law was explicit on their behalf; they should have been dismissed by the draft boards, or, if this were not possible, held for further examination under conditions which guaranteed protection. As it was, they were rushed off to the contonments, placed in charge of ill-informed, harassed, unsympathetic officers, and in the midst of swarming thousands of young soldiers who could not be expected to regard non-resistants as other than "slackers," "cowards," "pro-Germans," or just plain "nuts." That persecution, sometimes of the most violent description, was the result, was of course inevitable. This book testifies more than once to the fact that the Washington officials were sympathetic, and desired to carry out justly the provisions of the law. There is also mention of commanding officers who were kindly in their treatment of objectors. But the presence and influence of these exceptional men could not alter the general situation. The non-resistants were shamefully, on occasion brutally, treated. A particularly cruel device was to issue military orders to objectors who could not, and, since they were not inducted into the army, were not obligated, to obey—court-martial them on a charge of disobedience—and thus railroad them off to the disciplinary barracks under heavy sentence. Had the law been heeded, Fort Leavenworth would have held not a single religious objector, and yet, as a matter of fact, it held scores.

The second reason for the trouble which fell upon the Mennonites and other conscientious objectors during the war, brings us face to face with what we know as the mob spirit in this country. The young men who were dragged off into the army were not the only ones to feel the lash of social displeasure. Their fathers and mothers at home suffered as well. The great American people, in other words, were resolved that everybody in this "land of the free" should think alike on this war question, and Liberty Loan campaigns, Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. drives, gave them ample opportunity to enforce uniformity. What the Mennonites endured is set down in Chapter XII of

this book in the form of personal narratives, and it makes a tale which brings the blush of shame to the cheek of any true American. One thing is certain —if the world is to be made safe for democracy, it must be delivered from wars that are fought to make the world safe for democracy!

This book is to be commended for the lovely spirit of forbearance and forgiveness in which it is written. One might wish that it had been more carefully prepared from a literary point of view, and presented more exact information in more detailed scientific form. But as a source-book it is invaluable; and will find its permanent place in that great and final history of conscientious objectors in the Great War which must some day be written.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

A Pacifist on the Pacific

Editorial Correspondence

Dr. Holmes is giving me permission to write to the readers of UNITY of my wanderings across the Pacific. Being a pacifist by conviction, I am proposing to interpret briefly the things and persons I see through the spectacles of peace. I am leaving Victoria, B. C., today on the S. S. "Niagra" for Australia to spend several months with the Australian Church of Melbourne of which Dr. Charles Strong (not a relation in the flesh, I regret I can not claim) has been pastor for 36 years.

Our boat will strike southward, by west, keeping its stern to the North Star until over the equator that sky-mark for reckoning disappears and the Southern Cross becomes the mariner's sky-mark. Our boat will touch at Honolulu, the Fiji Islands, Auckland (N. Z.), and reach Sydney April 12—said to be the third finest harbor in the world—Argentina and Ireland carrying off the first and second honors.

The Australian Church is a church similar to the Community Church of New York, Dr. Holmes', and Lincoln Centre of Chicago, once presided over by Dr. Jones. It is one of the connecting links that make for good fellowship—à la the "British drum-beat." Dr. Charles Strong graduated from the Presbyterian Church—but of this story later.

You will be interested first of all in what I left behind in Seattle. The Queen Anne Congregational Church ("Queen Anne" indicates a hill, not a style of architecture or politics) of which I have been pastor for fourteen years and which has weathered the gales of war like a staunch craft, is to enjoy the ministry of Robert Whitaker and wife from California. You know, Robert Whitaker is something of a pacifist, and withal a poet and preacher, who has enjoyed the blessedness of the persecuted. We are to get the benefit of this experience.

But you will be most interested in a new society organized (better, born) in Seattle during February, as the outcome of four Sunday afternoon meetings, held in Montelius Hall, in the heart of the city. The meetings were designed to act as a net to discover if there were a considerable number of people anxious to stand together on a spiritual-economic platform. I had the pleasure of leading the meetings and also of discovering such a group, which on the last Sunday afternoon, in February, decided to organize "The Fellowship Church."

It is really a remarkable group of people and they are going straight ahead with regular Sunday afternoon meetings, in the A. O. U. W. auditorium—splendidly equipped—and these meetings Robert Whitaker will lead.

To give you an idea of the new society, let me name the six people who were chosen as the temporary Advisory Committee: James A. Duncan, Secretary of the Central Labor Council; W. D. Lane, prominent attorney and fine citizen; George Hansen, prominent among the Socialists; Mr. Sturges, of the University; Mrs. Julia Riseogari, one of the leading musicians of the city; Mrs. Jane Garrott, a leader in social welfare. None of these are at present church members, but all were desirous that the organization should be a "church."

This organization seems to me to be so important in the life of the City of Seattle—and may be the regions beyond—that I take the liberty of giving the Declaration of the Fellowship Church, destined to be another link in the "fellowship of the saints." Let me call attention to the platform, which we feel will become the eight burning points for the gospel.

In order to secure for ourselves and children the blessings of peace, liberty and justice—imperilled in an age of capitalism and militarism,—the membership of this church, holding in common certain spiritual convictions, unite for the purpose of advancing the following program:

1. Conscience, as supreme authority.
2. Love, as supreme power.
3. Non-violence—with love of enemies as the supreme method.
4. The immediate abolition of war.
5. The full exercise of civil liberty.
6. The practice of racial fraternity.
7. The co-operative commonwealth as an economic-social ideal.
8. The practice of immortality.

The Fellowship Church is open to all people of goodwill, regardless of race, other church affiliations or theological and economic views, and is subject to democratic control.

The Fellowship Church was created in a remarkably short time—showing that perhaps there are many in other cities waiting to be organized. In January, the Fellowship Church did not exist. In March, it is a working body of earnest, able, enthusiastic people—ready to stand strong for a spiritual-economic program.

I take the "Niagra" in a few hours. If you are intending to go to Australia or New Zealand, by all means go by the "Niagra"—a queen of a boat—and hope to send you a letter from Honolulu. Among the books I am taking for reading—besides the New Testament—are "The Hawaiians," Paul Dunbar's "The Uncalled" (picked up in second-hand stores); Dr. Smallwood's "Man, the Animal"; H. L. Mencken's "The American Language"; "The Seven Purposes." You see I shall be able to range all the way from amoeba to man to spirit. Don't you envy me my opportunity? I wonder that life does not make the ocean

possible to more. The morning paper gives an account of a "Niagra" stowaway getting a jail sentence of four weeks, at hard labor, and he wanted to travel, as much as I; and I get four weeks of comfort. It isn't fair.

As I start for the steamer, a girl with a tin-pail asked me for a donation for the "Amputation Association of the Great War." I dropped some silver and hope I have the blessing of the invalid soldiers—pacifist though I be.

Farewell—till Honolulu.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Religion as a Social Factor

The greatest work that was ever to be done in the world is waiting to be done now. This work is not only to arrest social degeneration, but to turn the processes of development into those paths by which it may reach the greatest heights of social idealism. This work is in the highest sense religious.

A true social life means a true religious life, while at present we have neither. Love one another wisely, might be considered as the key for the establishment of the most perfect social life with the highest form of religion.

Says Mr. Franklin in his work on "The Socialization of Humanity"—

> Religion is the only emotion that cannot be ridiculed, that cannot be frightened, that cannot be intimidated, that cannot be bluffed or bullied, that cannot be bribed, that will not compromise, that will not temporize, and be satisfied with less than its demand. Religion can meet the capitalistic cry of panic, the whip of the partisan politician, the advice of cowardly friends, the persecution of State and Church, the neglect of the world. It is the only invincible emotion the race possesses, the only emotion that can conquer death.

Here then is a social force that should no longer be neglected or allowed to run to waste, or so serve interests which tend to social detriment. But this is not all. This only states religious power of resistance to evil.

Religion in its most highly evolved form becomes one with the Social Ideal, where the human kind—Humanity—becomes the object of veneration, where life would be raised to its highest pitch of usefulness, and human development be unhampered in its progress.

Under such influence, all class, racial, sectarian and national animosity would disappear; there would then remain one united human family. Then the thought of the collective good would become the most inspiring thought that the mind could entertain; where every anti-social feeling would disappear and in their stead would arise one consuming feeling for social good. Man would at last become the noble being that destiny would seem to have intended he should be.

It should always be remembered that man is himself a factor, if not the prime factor, in the determination of his own make-up. This thought should steady him and teach him his great responsibility, and enable him to see the necessity of all humanity working together as one great family. When the minds of all become permeated with this great human ideal, there will be no need of external coercion. Man will then do right for the love of doing it. Man will then become a law unto himself, his religion always urging him to promote collective human interests in the best possible way.

In following this course man will be but obeying the primary law of life in the wisest manner: the law which continuously stimulates him to seek the most joyous existence possible. The enormous social or human advantage to be gained by bringing the individual mind in complete harmony with the great human mind far outweighs the effort necessary to make it. When man comes to regard himself with his fellow men as components of the Divine collective mind, it will then become his most intense desire to promote this, the highest good. This would become the guiding principle of life.

When it is remembered with what rigidity a true religious feeling holds man up to his ideals, we may look for the complete breakdown of all the petty prejudices which divide men to-day, turning them at times into the most ferocious brutes. When it becomes thoroughly understood that thinking and working for the collective good promotes the most joyous existence, this existence must follow from the great principle of all sentient life, which seems to have all along been working up to this end—joyous existence in the collective life, in contradistinction to the short-sighted regard for self only. When this new conception of religion permeates the mind of all men they will intuitively do right and work for the unity of mankind.

These terrible human slaughters which are destroying the human race will then be at an end. Then our materialistic conceptions of life will be discarded for the true method of living, that of seeing how much of real joy can be realized within oneself, how much of society in the form of exquisite feelings and exhilarating ideas, making life a continuous delight, being free from fear, from want from uncertainty: having perfect freedom to expand all one's useful and joy-giving energies in social service: having perfect self-confidence; being filled with lofty ambitions, hope, and the highest ideals; having all the assistance a complete social organization can give in realizing the full capacity of one's entire nature. Groups will vie with one another then only in moral and intellectual achievement.

How grand it is at last to know what the great aim of religion stands for; that it is to society, the race, that we owe everything; that it is in our power to pay our debt of infinite gratitude; that our hope can be attained; that our ambitions can be realized, not perhaps as we had ignorantly imagined in another life, but here on earth; that the great races are to us the correlate on which we lean in times of need, in times of sorrow, and the great cause to uphold, to live for and bless humanity as the author and perfection of our being in all its wonder, beauty and mystery. At last we know that it is the race's influence upon us and our dependence upon it, our instinctive love for it, which are the factors that produce in us the sublime feeling which we recognize as religious. At last we see that immortality is in the life of the race: that the highest, truest and most beautiful nature is the religious nature. Here is the peace that passeth understanding and which is within the reach of every human being.

This religion of Humanity is what the enlightened of the world are hungering for, although not always able to interpret their sentiment; not humanity in its empirical reality, but the ideal world developed within the human realm of things—the spirit of Humanity. This is the only true object of worship. Before it we are humiliated and by it we feel ourselves exalted. From it we receive all that life bestows upon us. It gives us light and peace and lucid thought. And what higher, nobler thing can life produce than the feeling that it has not been unworthy of this great ancestry, that it has helped to keep alive this holy fire, that it has helped perhaps to fan by its own light this living flame to greater heights. Here is the true source of the ideas of accountability and salvation. We are not responsible to a being outside or above us but to ourselves and to Humanity the larger self. This is not a consciousness of omnipotence: it does not exclude the subjection of man to the inexorable laws of the universe; but it demands the enlistment of all the power of the race; for nature does not give more than we wrest from her by arduous toil.

And as humanity is only accountable to itself, so do the means of its salvation lie only in itself, not in any individual but in the spirit which ever works onward and upward. Yet this spirit is not an impersonal existence: it must be possessed again and over again by living men. And no one can ever serve humanity or augment its spiritual treasures or re-incarnate in himself its holiest possessions without first having and feeling within himself the blessing of what he has done.

A religion which has humanity for its ideal can only arise and be maintained in a comparatively late stage of human development, such as we may consider the present or near future, when man finds himself able to discard the *crutches* of the intellect which have seemed necessary to all earlier stages of his development. It comes at a time when man is able to stand by himself, if need be, and earnestly investigate the deepest secrets of nature and evaluate them in the degree that they may be seen to serve human ends. When, in such investigation, no rational explanations are forthcoming, none should be manufactured to delude the mind. This artifice may have seemed necessary, in a lower stage of intellectual development, but it can be no longer necessary to-day.

ERNEST A. NORRIS.

Why I Left the Teaching Profession

For as long as I can remember, I have been teaching school. I do not refer now particularly to those last six years during which I have been actively engaged in the teaching profession, but to the days when, as a little girl, I arranged my dolls in precise and geometric rows and propounded to them the intricacies of the three "R's." Perhaps this youthful predilection for teaching was only another evidence of the natural ego which develops early in the life of any normal child and sometimes grows out of all proportion to other development. But at any rate, having reached the age of discretion, I am still of the opinion that teachers are "born and not made," and like Topsy, I believe that I was one of the "borned" kind. Notwithstanding this, after six years of more or less successful teaching experience, I have voluntarily resigned from the ranks of that profession. That there have been imperative reasons for my so doing, goes without saying. That these reasons may be of interest to persons other than myself is an assumption which I make in the hope that it may do some good.

When I began teaching in the fall of 1914, I went to my work as the farmer goes to the soil, in high hope of bountiful harvest. In all justice to myself I think that it is fair to say that my ideals were as high as my hopes. I saw in the children entrusted to my care a fertile field in which I might plant wheat or tares, good or evil, through that conscious and unconscious influence which I must exert upon my classes. The responsibility of this position weighed upon me. I held it as a divine commission.

The months went by, and with the passing of time came new and heavier responsibilities. The more I became acquainted with my profession, the more I realized that there is no "letting up" when one begins upon one's duty to children. But I was happy. We taught school in those days—the good old fundamental processes, with some of the more vital fundamental truths thrown in. I saw the years stretching ahead of me in promising panorama, a broad highroad down which I should guide the stumbling feet of these little ones out into the broader vistas of life.

Then the war came. That this national disaster, so vitally affecting every phase of human existence, should work some change within the public schools, was to be expected; but that its effect should be so far-reaching as it proved to be, was both unexpected and disconcerting to me. At once the entire system was turned upside down, renovated and put in new working order. The public school was no longer primarily a place of instruction. It was chiefly significant as an instrument through which Liberty Bonds might be sold, Thrift Stamps disposed of, Red Cross materials collected, etc., etc. After all this work was completed and satisfactorily tabulated, if there was any time left we were permitted to teach; being very careful, of course, to include in the curriculum only those things designed to keep the fire of patriotism burning at white heat. We taught lessons in thrift, and side by side with our sermons on destructive wastefulness we spent the Geography period in cutting up or pasting over those pages in our text books upon which the fatal word, "Germany," or like "propaganda" appeared. This was considered quite the thing in 1918, although the divine truth which it was supposed to drive home seemed to have missed the mark when, in the fall of 1920, text books were reassigned to classes, and a little girl said to me, "Teacher, somebody has spoiled my book by pasting over the pages."

Day after day we added and multiplied, not sums in arithmetic, but bonds, stamps, memberships; day after day we extracted, not square roots, but all the cash we could possibly get from the children and their parents, already bending beneath the heavy burdens which the increased cost of living had shouldered upon them; day after day we compared, not adverbs, but the records of various children in this great campaign for thrift. And night after night I went home worn in

mind and body from the burden of added work upon my shoulders and broken in spirit by the greater burden of the problem upon my heart. I saw my children, in whom rested the future hope of the nation, my children who should have been learning those higher truths of love, of peace, of kindly tolerance which were to make all future wars impossible, being exploited as a means of material gain. I suffered in those days; the light had gone out of my teaching. But I went on, in hope of instilling in the hearts of these children, by my own personal example, some of those higher conceptions of man's duty to man, which it seemed unlawful for me to preach to them. Finally, when it began to seem that I could go on no longer, things came to a stand-still. The armistice was signed. The world, which had been in such a state of turmoil and strife for four years, breathed one long sigh and settled back. And I took heart, for out of the chaos of existing disorder, surely now the public school was coming into its own. During the period of reconstruction, who better than the children of the world should serve in guiding the world on its way to universal democracy? How bitterly was I disappointed!

We had gotten our children out of one war only to plunge them into preparations for another. Suddenly, and without anyone knowing just where it originated, the boys of the high schools blossomed out in uniform. Military drill was offered, in some cases to girls as well as to boys. It was no uncommon sight to see the campus dotted with khaki-clad figures, making it look not unlike an army training camp. So popular did the "fad" become that, in some of our schools, if a boy objected to wearing the uniform for conscientious or other reasons, he was at once branded as "queer" by his class-mates and ostracized from the clique. All this was an excellent step toward universal training; but in order that the thing might be even more realistic, drill practice with guns was installed in some of the schools. I remember one school in particular, which I was wont to pass each morning on the way to my own building. Here the flag was hoisted at a certain hour by a group of boys who drilled in the regulation army fashion, gun practice and all. Upon one occasion, as we passed this performance, one of my colleagues remarked to me, "Isn't that a beautiful sight?". It was on my lips to say, "Whosoever offendeth one of these little ones"—but one does not criticize the department in which one is employed.

Time went on and the schools drifted back, to a certain extent, into the conditions of pre-war days. A good many of the more urgent demands upon our time passed with the passing of the war, and we were again face to face with the opportunity of "teaching school" for a while. On the whole, matters were not nearly so bad as in 1918. One could even utter the word "Germany," without resorting to a scandalized whisper; but of course one would not commit the folly of playing German music in the schools. The lists of phonograph records to be used in the various grades, were revised, carefully omitting any of German origin. If any child asked for "No. 29" in the Music Reader, and such song happened to be written by "Heinrich Someone-or-other," we still said, "No, dear, that is a German song. You may choose another." All over the world reconstruction was beginning; peace plans, peace conferences, disarmament even, began to be talked of; the World War was over. But the schools were the last to forget it. These children, these citizens of tomorrow who were to carry out the lofty ideals of the ultimate democracy, how were they being prepared for their divine commission? By uniforms, by drills, by prejudice of the narrowest sort, these little ones were being trained for universal peace.

In the spring of 1921 I was teaching a fourth grade in one of the Los Angeles city schools. Flag Day arrived, and with it the customary notification was sent about to all the rooms, "Tomorrow is Flag Day; see that it is observed in each room." When that notice reached me I pondered long in my heart. Just what should I say to these children entrusted to me, that would throw a little light upon the grave obligation that was to be theirs, and yet that would not offend any preconceived idea of what I *ought* to say? And then, partly because I did not feel equal to the situation, and partly because it had always been my habit in teaching to attempt to draw from the children themselves, rather than force things upon them, I decided upon this course: After I had made a few appropriate remarks about the flag, I asked that fourth grade to write me a short composition on what life meant to them in a democracy. Many and varied were the documents received that day. Some of them would open the eyes of a number of persons older and wiser than that class. One paper, written by a little Japanese boy, is particularly worthy of mention, as giving the simplest, sanest and most satisfactory viewpoint of the democratic ideal that I have ever heard. I wish that I had preserved that paper just as it occurred in his nine-year-old vernacular, but the essence of the whole thing is expressed very clearly in one line which lingers with me— "Life means to me all nations mixed up together." As I read that paper and then looked back over the record of the world for the last few years, I could think of only one thing: "A little child shall lead them." I said to myself, "Who are you, with your cut-and-dried notions, to stand up and pose as instructor to this child, who holds the solution to the problems of the whole world in one sweep of his loving little heart?" I felt that I was failing and that I must continue to fail in a system which made it impossible for me to live up to my highest ideals of right and wrong. It was in my heart then to resign. But resigning was not easy. Teaching had a grip on me. I loved it. I wanted to do it. I loved those children. I wanted to help them. I decided to go on; but ever the conviction grew within me, and deep in my heart I knew, that the day was not far off when I must stop.

It was not until July, 1921, however, that I realized the time had come for me to take a stand. My decision was precipitated by articles which I read in copies of *The Nation* for April, July, and August; articles from which I shall later quote. On August 3, 1921, I wrote the following letter to the board of Education of Los Angeles city:

HONORABLE BOARD:

I hereby tender my resignation as a teacher in the Los Angeles City Schools, and desire to be released from my contract for the ensuing year. Feeling that some explanation is due you in this matter, I will attempt to set down here some of those things which have guided me in making my decision.

For some time it has been a growing conviction on my part that the public schools of America (and in this matter Los Angeles has certainly not been backward) by the installation of various uniforms, drills, etc., and by undue emphasis upon the Boy Scout movement, are seeking to foist upon the public a form of militarism that can only result in that national disaster—universal training. That I have not been mistaken in

my conjectures, the following quotation from *The Nation* for July 27, 1921, seems to me to give conclusive evidence:

"The National Educational Association has decided that it cannot cope with the huge problem of bettering the schools of the United States, alone. It has therefore called to its assistance the American Legion. At the recent convention of the N. E. A. it was moved that a standing committee be appointed to act in co-operation with the Legion throughout the year, and that the offer of the American Legion to give lectures in the schools be accepted."

Further let me quote from an article on "Teacher-Baiting" in this same periodical for April 27, 1921:

"The first rule of the sport is to require an oath which singles teachers out as a particularly dangerous and unreliable class, and subjects them to the suspicion of pupils and parents. Through the efforts of the gallant sportsmen of the American Legion, a law to this effect has been passed recently in Oklahoma. But the essence of the sport is best seen in legislation proposed in California and passed in New York (governor's decision pending) whereby it would be illegal for a teacher to advocate or *believe in* any change of government by lawful means."

For an insight into the character of the man most directly responsible for this legislation, and to whom teachers were, in a sense, to be accountable, turn now to *The Nation* for August 3, 1921:

"Senator Clayton R. Lusk, 100% patriot and administrator of the oath of loyalty to all teachers of the Empire State, is found . . . to have accepted by some little oversight a $1,000 silver service from some police detectives, after the event, for his kindly aid in passing through the legislature a bill which redounded to their financial profit."

However remotely connected with the teachers of Los Angeles this unfortunate circumstance may seem, I nevertheless feel that it is a regrettable situation when *any* teacher of the National Educational Association is dictated to by politicians of this calibre. It seems a gross departure from the very excellent policy of the schools in the past, i. e., to forbid by law any attempt to bring politics of any sort into the school administration.

I have been a teacher for six years, and it has always been my sincere conviction that public schools were instigated for the *ethical* training of children. In my teaching experience I have tried to be guided at all times by this Scripture: "Whosoever offendeth one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were cast into the depths of the sea." It has often seemed to me an unfortunate circumstance that the original and best source of moral development, the Bible, is by law excluded from the public schools. That the doctrine of force, as supported by the American Legion, should be installed in its place, is a step that I am not willing to stand by and countenance.

I beg lenience for encroaching upon your time by writing at so great length, but I felt that the step which I have taken in withdrawing from the teaching profession could have little significance without the accompanying statements which I have herein made. Permit me to say that it is my personal opinion that not *all* other teachers who have recently left the profession have done so only because the salaries have not been adequate.

As much as it grieves me to give up a work which is so very near to my heart, I do not feel that it would be right for me to accept remuneration for services from any organization or body with whose policy I can no longer be heartily in accord.

Thanking you for courtesies extended to me in the past, and for the pleasant privilege of having labored with the children of Los Angeles for a time, I am,

Respectfully yours,

HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER.

Needless to say, my resignation was politely, and undoubtedly unanimously, accepted. In that acceptance there were, of course, some few statements made as to the "real" attitude of the public schools in training children to function in world activities, but no attempt was made to refute arguments as set forth by myself. One remark was made, however, which is worthy of repetition: "Surely the history of America in the last eight years and of its thoughtful and *open-handed* attitude toward the needs of the world is the best assurance we have that the heart of the people is right." Certainly no one can deny that. And if we define this "open-handedness" in terms of "both hands out for everything they could get," contemporary history proves beyond the shadow of a doubt the open-handed attitude of all those great powers who participated in the World War.

But what is the attitude of the schools? That statement designed to best convey the "real" policy of the schools and which my six years of intimate acquaintance with the same leads we to believe is a very truthful remark, I now quote: "There is a disposition to turn out from our schools virile high-minded men and sensible women who understand well that 'they have rights who dare to maintain them.'" What are these rights? I think I may safely say that they are those rights upon which the Declaration of Independence was founded: Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Ask the dead on Flanders Fields about their right to life; ask those who were drafted, upon whom conscription was forced regardless of conscientious objections, what they know about liberty; ask the widows and orphans, made so by the World War, how far they shall pursue happiness down the lonely years that stretch ahead of them; and then tell me what rights were ever maintained by resorting to force.

I have left the teaching profession because I believe that love is the only seed that one has any right to plant in the heart of a child. To me the public school, more than all other institutions, should lead the world in its struggle for the higher things of life. Though all else fail, the public school must not fail, for to it has been entrusted the nation's most priceless jewels—its future citizens. No nation can hope to progress beyond the ideals of the children it educates. How grave, therefore, are the responsibilities thrust upon the teacher! There is no compromising. We who instruct must carry the light. "If therefore the light that is in us be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

It is a great work, the teaching profession, a great work full of magnificent opportunities. But it is not for me. One must not be cramped in the matter of life's ideals. It has been with no small pang of homesickness that I have watched the children returning from their vacations; but there is a burden off my heart. In the language of my small Jap, "Life means to me all nations mixed up together." What better proof is there that the children at heart are right? May they achieve the ultimate goal in spite of systems and creeds, in spite of false doctrines and biased opinions; may they come up through the grades preserving the clarity of those instinctive ideals which shall enable them, upon the threshold of life's activities, to graduate as citizens of the world.

HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER.

"One ship drives east, and another west,
With the selfsame winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sails,
And not the gales,
Which decides the way to go.

"Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the will of the soul
That decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife."

THE STUDY TABLE

The Problems of the Orient

It is difficult to write a fair notice of the various recent books about Korea. It is impossible to approve them *in toto*. But when the reviewer criticizes a single point he seems to be unsympathetic, when he criticizes various he becomes an enemy, when he says a word in approbation he is assumed to be a partisan. Much of what is now appearing deals with "the Independence Movement." The two books before us do so.[1] The Independence Movement was a sad affair. It took place largely because of the loose and wicked talk that was current during the war and the period of the armistice, about "democracy" and "self-determination" and "a world fit to live in." The talk was false, but many people, the Koreans among them, believed it true and that the hour for freedom had struck, that the stars in their courses fought for them. True friends of Korea, who knew aught of international politics, would have warned the Koreans against the step they took. But the voices heard were other, and the step was taken which led to disappointment and a deeper tragedy. Henry Chung is himself a Korean. His books are always worth the reading and his new one is no exception. His "The Case of Korea" is "a collection of evidence on the Japanese dominance of Korea and on the development of the Korean Independence Movement." Mr. Chung is a lawyer; the title of his book is the *Case* of Korea; it is called a *collection of evidence*. The three things notify and warn us at once. The book is a partisan presentation of a case. It is an honest book in that the evidence it gives is true enough, but only *evidence* helpful to the *case* is given. One often feels that the author is on thin ice and there are places where omission and suppression of other "evidence" leaves the case weaker than the pleader makes it appear. But the book deserves a careful reading and honest examination. It is the best presentation of the material within its field. It does credit to the author's ability and scholarship; it does credit to his loyalty and patriotic feeling to his country. Every American should be intelligently interested in Oriental questions and among them that of Korea is not the least important.

We confess to a different feeling regarding McKenzie's "Korea's Fight for Freedom."[2] The author has now written several times upon Korean matters. He is a newspaper man and has a lively, not to say sensational, style. We can sympathize with Mr. Chung in his natural feelings as a Korean; Mr. McKenzie impresses us as a mischief-maker. Among his purposes or aims two have particularly impressed us—the demonstration that American missionaries are blameless in the recent troubles in Korea, and the dragging of the United States to intervention of a political kind. As regards the former, Mr. McKenzie hardly agrees with General Sherrill, himself a member of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, who seems to feel that the American missionaries have been indiscreet. There are degrees in meddling and non-meddling in the political affairs of nations in which foreign missions have been established. One who has met American missionaries who have worked in India and those who have worked in Korea will understand my meaning. Both claim to abstain from political interference among their people. Happy would Japan be if the statement meant the same regarding Korea as it does regarding India; if the fact behind the words were the same. McKenzie in his account of the first independence movement in the days of the old king is much amused at the youthful, somewhat bombastic "General" Jai-pil of 1884; later on, as Philip Jaisohn, he participated in a second independence movement, sheltering himself behind his meantime acquired American citizenship. That movement failed. McKenzie admits the untimeliness of the first effort, the lack of proper preparation for the second; yet, now, he approves of a third effort—with no better preparation, without adequate leadership, against a strong and well organized government. Reprobating the first, giving no great value to the second, he gives approval and encouragement to the third. The truth is McKenzie hopes that the present movement will embroil the United States and Japan. Himself a British subject, born in Canada, he looks to us to see that poor Korea shall be saved. He addresses no vigorous appeal to Great Britain or Canada; no, it is a case of "let George do it." Why should either of *his* lands spend money and shed blood, gain ill-will and lose commercial opportunity, when the United States can be used as a cat's-paw? McKenzie has much to say of what we have done in Cuba and the Philippines as reasons why we will save Korea. Our *flag-law* in the Philippines, kept alive for years, is little warrant for our insisting that Koreans be allowed to wave Korean flags unpunished. What would have happened in Manila in 1908, if natives on the streets had waved the flag of the Philippine Republic and attempted to reassert their independence? What warrant have we to complain of brutalities against unarmed demonstrators in Korea, after General Smith's activities in the Island of Samar? Mr. McKenzie misleads his Korean friends when he encourages them to expect the United States to interfere in their behalf on such grounds.

Dr. Kuno's book, "What Japan Wants,"[3] was printed shortly before the Washington Conference and was in a sense timely. The author is a member of the faculty of the University of California, where he teaches Japanese language and literature. The book is not a particularly important contribution to a somewhat crowded field—as there are many books just now which aim at making Japan favorably known or at unmasking her villainy. To those of us who do not believe in an immense amount of villainy to be unmasked, Kuno's book comes as somewhat of a shock. It will be used by detractors of Japan as a source book for material of attack. Not only does the author admit facts which can be badly construed, he appears to admit motives so unworthy that the reader who does not know Japanese character will feel that the case is hopeless. The attempt at frankness outruns discretion. Were the book to reach only honest opponents, who will not distort or wrest things, this kind of frankness would do no harm. But the hostility is neither honest nor judicial. America is being flooded with a pitiless newspaper propaganda which is evidently intended to precipitate war with Japan. Our people have become deeply prejudiced by this constant

[1] "The Case of Korea." Henry Chung. New York and Chicago: 1921. Fleming H. Revell Co. 16mo; pp. 367.

[2] "Korea's Fight for Freedom." F. A. McKenzie. New York and Chicago: 1920. Fleming H. Revell Co. 16mo; pp. 360.

[3] "What Japan Wants." Yoshi S. Kuno. New York: 1921. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 16mo; pp. 154.

attack. Many brilliant writers are helping to inflame the public mind through essay and fiction. These assailants are ruthless and unprincipled. They will pick out Kuno's admissions and twist them to suit their own ends. The book is interesting. The style is simple and direct—aimed at the practical, business-like American. The author tells what Japan wants—in America, on the Pacific Ocean, in Korea, in Siberia, at home. It ends with a chapter on what Japan and other nations should do. Were his foes honorable, the book would pass as a fair contribution to its field; as it is, it is as likely to work harm as good.

The press is today a real element in Japanese life. Newspapers and magazines abound. To some degree the freedom of the press is limited and the government rather easily takes offense or is timid as regards what is written. The writer of "The Press and Politics in Japan"[4] aims to show the influence of the press in the political life of the nation. True newspapers, in our sense of the word, scarcely existed in the old Japan. The author sketches the facts of that period briefly in two chapters. His detailed study begins with the "Restoration" of 1868. From then on, he traces in detail two currents of development—one of political thought, the other of journalism—and shows how they have interacted and reacted. The movement towards constitutional government, the reactionary movement and the growth of nationalism, the rise of public opinion, and the political awakening of the masses, are the greater captions under which the double activity is studied. It is difficult for us to realize the greatness of the difference between Japan and ourselves in these directions; it is hard for us to understand why Japan does not do certain things in ways that seem to us perfectly natural. Our assumed fundamentals are frequently different from hers and her reactions must necessarily be unlike ours. Yet her foundations may be as true, her reactions as justified as our own. Under outside influence Japan has made great changes; other changes will certainly occur. From our point of view her changes have been progress, advancement. Dr. Kawabe interestingly follows these changes. He and many other western-trained students seem to anticipate that the changes will continue in the direction here outlined. They may be right. Whether the changes give just ground for congratulation, whether they are a real advantage to Japan, may be questioned. Will party politics advance Japan? Does Japan need a wider suffrage? Should women vote? Is a greater measure of democracy desirable? These questions are all susceptible of discussion. But, there is no denying the actuality of changes and of trends and these changes and trends are conscientiously studied by our author. The book is practically alone in its field.

The six articles on China, written by Prof. Dewey from China for *The New Republic*, beginning with May, 1919, and ending with July, 1921, are here reprinted in pamphlet form.[5] To them is added a seventh article, written in October, 1921, relative to the then approaching Washington Conference. The letters from Japan and China, printed by Prof. Dewey's children, while he was in China, form an interesting prelude to the reading of this series. When Prof. and Mrs. Dewey landed in Yokohama they were as innocent of any actual knowledge of "the East" as guileless children. Their first favorable impression of Japan gave way to one of doubt and then of hostility and the Professor soon became strongly pro-Chinese, which means that he had anti-Japanese tendencies. His two years in China did much for him. He is not the only one who has gone to the Orient to teach, and who came away with much more than he gave. His articles show his development; he knew China much better in July, 1921, than in May, 1919. Without being the less interested in the Chinese, or the less hopeful for their ultimate advancement, he has surely mellowed somewhat with reference to Japan. All this aside, Prof. Dewey's articles should be read with care and attention. His spirit is fine, his sympathy genuine, his interest deep. Every one of his articles has lessons, but the last one contains the most of ripened thought. He has faith in China; he has become somewhat timid of off-hand outside solutions; he has learned that western hurry and western worry are dangerous. His closing words are:

> The hope of the world's peace as well as of China's freedom lies in the policy of Hands Off. Give China a chance. Give her time. The danger lies in being in a hurry; in impatience, possibly in the desire of America to show that we are a power in international affairs and that we too have a positive foreign policy. And a benevolent policy of supporting China from without, instead of promoting her aspirations from within, may in the end do China about as much harm as a policy conceived in malevolence.

FREDERICK STARR.

[4] "The Press and Politics in Japan." Kisaburo Kawabe. Chicago: 1921. The University of Chicago Press. 16mo; pp. xiii, 190.

[5] "China, Japan and the U. S. A." John Dewey. New York: 1921. Republic Publishing Co., Inc. 8vo; pp. 64.

CORRESPONDENCE

Antone Karachun

March 6, 1922.

To the Editor of UNITY:

Sir: I should like to appeal through the columns of your journal for assistance in the case of one of the victims of military oppression whose name has not come before radicals and liberals prior to this writing.

I speak of a young Russian, Antone Karachun, now serving a sentence of 20 years' imprisonment in McNeil Island Federal penitentiary, State of Washington, on the charge of desertion from the U. S. military forces. I have visited this fine spirited young rebel on three different occasions at the prison and each time I have been impressed with his idealism and the outrage involved in keeping him behind the bars.

Shortly after the beginning of the World War Karachun came to the United States to avoid being drafted into the Czar's army. As a strong young immigrant he was welcomed by capitalist America and worked for quite a while as a coal miner in Pennsylvania. Later he went to Chicago and found employment in one of the packing houses. When this country entered the war, not being a citizen nor having taken out first papers, he considered himself exempt from the draft. One day he was asked to sign a paper, which he thought made clear his exemption. He signed and in a few days found himself drafted into the military forces. He had signed first citizenship papers without knowing it.

The year 1919 found him a member of the army in Vladivostok. The boys were told that they were there to protect American property but Karachun soon found out that our troops were there to oppose the Bolsheviki and to aid the counter-revolutionists. He

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE DELAYING REVIVAL

The Rev. *John Haynes Holmes* of the Community church in New York city points out that the great religious revival, widely predicted and looked for as an outcome of the war, has not only failed to appear, but that the tide of spiritual life never ran so low as it is running now, and instead of the recovery hoped for there is saddening evidence of a religious collapse. Such hope as he sees of changing the condition lies in some new kind of religious center modeled on the community church idea.

It must be conceded that Mr. Holmes is an earnest and sincerely distressed observer of present tendencies in the religious world; and it must also be admitted that he voices the poignant disappointment and the bewildered wonderment of hosts of Christians that the greatest of wars and most appalling crises in history have not yet turned, as was expected, the thoughts and hearts of humanity to higher things. It had seemed that the demonstrated impermanence of temporal treasures and pleasures would do this, and why it has not, no one explains. Perhaps, however, it is only delaying until the world realizes more fully the hopelessness of restoring old conditions and the bankruptcy of the materialistic age. In any event a survey of the world shows selfishness still as rampant as before, and nowhere that spirit of brotherhood and sacrificing sympathy which men overtaken by a common misfortune have usually displayed. Men do not realize yet that they are brothers; but until they know this, feel it, live it, what else is religion but a formal profession of creeds?

But soon or late, in one way or another, man's outlook and attitude towards life will change as his world has changed. The outcome is in higher hands than his, and this tremendous catastrophe in human affairs will be overruled for good. Man in his pride had come to think of his institutions as indestructible; but many of them have crumbled and others are being undermined. No one knows yet just what the next decade will have left on which to build the better age. But only if it be built, as we must hope and may believe that it will be, on truer conceptions of man's relations to his fellows and to the scheme of things as a whole, will it rise on foundations unshakable and sure.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

TO READERS OF UNITY

A woman of education and refinement, middle-aged, in a lonely position, would like to correspond with readers of UNITY.

Address Miss E., care UNITY.

INDIA AS A FINANCIAL ASSET.

The British capitalist finds India a fine country for cheap labor. In Bengal the jute factory wages are from 14/- to 38/ a *month,* and the Bengal coal miners get 8d. per day, and work 60 to 72 hours a week.

The Central India Cotton Mills pay a dividend of 500 per cent on the original share capital.

Kettlewell, Buller and Co., of Calcutta, show a dividend of 365 per cent.

Dozens of others pay round about 100 per cent.

The Jute Company dividends are as high as 400 per cent at the Hoogly Mills, and rarely fall below 130 per cent.

Bengal Coal Mines, 8d. a day to the worker and 120 per cent to the British "owner."

Paper, tea, sugar, docks, flour, and oil mills scoop in fabulous profits.

The countless millions of the poor in India are all astir. They are coming forth out of their long, dark night of ignorance and oppression. They have symbolized their yearning for deliverance in the person of Mahatma Gandhi. They who have been so terribly oppressed by governments and priest crafts, land owners and profiteers, have cried to God for deliverance and are becoming more and more certain that the hour of their freedom is at hand.—*The Commonweal, Melbourne.*

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knew that the United States and Russia were still technically allies—that we had never openly declared war on the Soviet Government. He resolved that he would not be a party to this cowardly attack upon his comrades in spirit, the Bolsheviks. He deserted.

For eleven months he was free but finally when the Soviets were driven out of Vladivostok he was arrested.

"I remember February 22," said Karachun to me a few days ago, "not because it is George Washington's birthday but because on that date two years ago I was arrested as a deserter in Siberia and held under an added charge of high treason. For weeks I lay in the guard house not knowing what my fate would be. Finally I was taken to the Philippines beyond reach of witnesses who could have testified on my behalf, and tried.

"The court martial adjudged me guilty on both counts (I did not deny desertion) and sentenced me to be 'hanged by the neck until dead.' I was stunned for I knew I could not be legally guilty of treason since we were not at war (technically speaking) with the Soviets. But I could do nothing. Finally the shadow was lifted a little when the reviewing authorities disapproved of the verdict and the sentence and commuted it to 20 years penal servitude.

"But even this verdict was outrageously unjust, for I know of hundreds of American soldiers in the Siberian expedition who were tried and convicted of desertion and given sentences of from six months to three years in the disciplinary barracks. My crime was not desertion so much as it was protesting against the brutal and unjust policy of the Allies toward Soviet Russia. That's why I got 20 years."

Efforts are being made to secure the release and deportation to Russia of Antone Karachun. His heart burns with love for the Revolution and he would go back and suffer any hardship in doing his share in the building of the new society. If you would help, write President Harding, urging favorable action on his appeal. Also send a contribution to Charles Recht, 110 West 40th Street, New York City, who is handling the case. Very truly yours,

Home (Lakebay) Wash. CARL BRANNIN.

Frankness of *The Boston American*

To the Editor of UNITY:

Mr. Hearst's Boston paper, *The Boston American,* in discussing (Mar. 20) the treaties now before the Senate, incidentally tells the truth about the World War and our country's share therein. With refreshing frankness it comments on the "shabby failure of that costly and bloody adventure."

Our participation in the war brought us, according to the *American,* "enormous cost, enormous loss and a multitude of domestic and foreign difficulties, perplexities and perils. For this we are now paying the tremendous price *without the consolation of one single gain,* either for ourselves or for that Europe into which we thrust our armies, and upon whose racial strifes and dynastic ambitions and villainous diplomacies we flung away the lives of our youth and the wealth of our industrious and peaceable people."

Such frank acknowledgment is encouraging to all who regard it as the first condition of improvement that we see things as they really are. The high-sounding phrases by which people were bamboozled—"a war to end war," "a war to make the world safe for democracy," "a war to save civilization," and the like—how ridiculous they seem today, what ghastly jests!

Is it not high time that all the mouthers of those delusive phrases—the eminent Christian ministers and college presidents and professors, for example—should confess that they were blind leaders of the blind? Do they prefer to save their faces, rather than their souls?

HENRY W. PINKHAM.

Brookline, Mass.

Every Reader of UNITY Should Read This Book!

NEW CHURCHES FOR OLD

— By —

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

THIS book breaks new ground in the field of religious discussion. Facing the alarming facts of declining church attendance, failing ministerial supply, and loss of ecclesiastical influence and prestige, the author is not satisfied to appeal to people to stand by the existing churches, to liberalize old theologies, etc., but calls for a wholly new statement of religion which shall work itself out into a new form of church organization. In place of the old churches based on sectarian theological beliefs, he pleads for new churches based on democratic social idealism. These churches, which he calls Community Churches, would substitute for loyalty to the single denomination, loyalty to the social group; for a private group of worshippers held together by common theological ideas, the public group of citizens held together by common social interests; for restrictions of creed and ritual, the free spirit; for the individual as an object of salvation, the social group; for Christianity as a religion of special revelation, the idea of universal religion.

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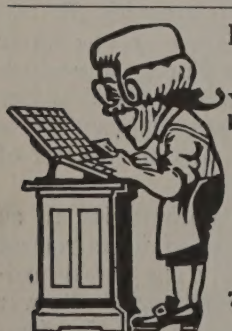

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